

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 35.—No. 17.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

HERR LIDEL (Violoncellist) has removed to 42, Mornington-place, Hampstead-road.

THE MISSES McALPINE have removed to 26, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater.

MADAME ENDERSOHN.—Letters to be addressed to No. 75, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

MDLLE. M. RUDERSDORFF begs that all communications relative to Concert Engagements may be addressed to her sister's (Madame Rudersdorff) residence, Park-villa, Finchley-road, St. John's-wood.

SIGNOR and Madame FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening, May 12. Full particulars will be duly announced.—Devonshire-lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town for the season, having concluded his operatic tour with Miss C. Hayes. All engagements for Mrs. Tennant and himself to be addressed to their residence, 42, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

SIGNOR G. RICCARDI, di Torino, Professor of Music, begs to inform his numerous clients in the nobility and gentry, that he has RETURNED to London for the present season, and that his address is 21, Prince-street, Hanover-square.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—First Appearance of MDLLE. ORTOLANI. Giuglini—Benevanto—Belletti—Pocchini.—On Tuesday, April 28th, first time these seven years, I PURITANI. Elvira, Mdle. Ortolani (her first appearance in England); Arturo, Signor Giuglini. LA ESMERALDA. La Esmeralda, Mdle. Pocchini. For particulars see bills. A limited number of boxes on the half-circle tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had on application at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket, Price 21s. and 21 11s. 6d. each.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Piccolomini, Giuglini, Benevanto, and Pocchini. LA TRAVIATA. EXTRA NIGHT, Thursday next, April 30th, LA TRAVIATA. Piccolomini; Alfredo, Giuglini. LA ESMERALDA. La Esmeralda, Mdle. Pocchini. For particulars see Bills. A limited number of boxes in the half-circle tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had on application at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket. Price, one guinea and one guinea and a half each.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mrs. ANDERSON, Pianist to Her Majesty the Queen, and Instructress to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice, Her Royal Highness the Princess Helena, and His Royal Highness the Prince Alfred, has the honour to inform her patrons and friends, that her ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in Her Majesty's Theatre, Monday, May 18th, 1857, commencing at Half-past One o'clock precisely. On which occasion, by an arrangement effected with the Direction, she will be supported by all the principal artists, and the orchestra and chorus of that establishment. Full particulars will be announced forthwith.

THE late Mr. LEFFLER.—Exeter Hall.—A GRAND EVENING CONCERT will be given on Wednesday, April 29th, 1857, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Leffler. The following celebrated artists have kindly and generously offered their assistance:—Mad. Clara Novello, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Lemmens, Sherrington, Miss Leffler, Miss Mary Keeley, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allan Irving, Mad. Viardot Garcia (if arrived in town), Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Osborne, Mr. H. Bohrer, Mr. Alberto Randegger, Mons. Lemmens, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Reserved stalls, 5s.; western gallery, 4s.; area, 3s.; upper platform, 1s.; lower platform, 2s.—to be obtained of Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street; Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Leader, 63, New Bond-street; R. Oliver, 10, Old Bond-street; Keith and Frowse, Cheapside; Bates, Ludgate-hill; Sacred Harmonic Society, 6, Exeter-hall; J. Hutchinson, Esq., 184, Blackfriars-road; F. B. Garty, Esq., 4, Elizabeth-place, Brixton-road; Thomas Ford, Esq., Finner's-hall, Old Broad-street. Donations, &c., received by Stanley Lucas, Hon. Sec., 210, Regent-street.

VACCAJ'S METHOD.—Messrs. SCHOTT and Co. beg to announce that they have withdrawn the above Work from their Catalogue, having discovered it to be copyright of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, and they beg to express their regret at having unintentionally infringed their right. 159, Regent-street.

THE ROYAL SURREY GARDENS will open for the Season on Monday, May 11th, 1857, with a GRAND PERFORMANCE of MENDELSSOHN'S sacred ORATORIO of ELIJAH, the principal parts by Miss Louisa Vinning, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves, assisted by a Band and Chorus of One thousand performers. Conductor, M. Julien. Admission One Shilling.

MR. ALVYS KETTENUS begs to announce that his Morning Concert, given by the kind permission of the most noble the Marchioness of Downshire, at her residence, 24, Belgrave-square, will take place on Thursday, May 7, 1857. Tickets, at One Guinea each. To be had of Messrs. Schott and Co., 159, Regent-street; and at Mr. Kettenus' residence, 14, Duke-street, St. James's.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—OPERA CONCERTS, 1857.

The Directors beg to announce that they have entered into arrangements with Mr. Gye for a Series of TWELVE CONCERTS, by the Artists of the Royal Italian Opera, during the present season, on the following FRIDAYS, viz.:—May 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, June 5th and 26th, and July 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st. These Concerts will be given in the Great Centre Transept, and will be supported by the following celebrated Artists:—Madame Grial, Mdle. Rosa Devries, Mdle. Marai, Mdle. Didée, Mdle. Parepa, and Madame Bosio; Signor Mario, Signor Ronconi, Signor Neri-Baraldi, Signor Gardoni, Signor Graziani, Herr Formes, Signor Tagliafico, Monsieur Zelig-r, Signor Polonini, and Signor Lablache. The Grand Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, with additional performers, and also the celebrated Chorus are engaged for the whole series. Musical Director, Mr. COSTA, who will himself conduct a portion of the Concerts.

The Two-guinea Season Tickets will, as last year, be available for these Concerts. Transferable Tickets will also be issued for each Concert at 7s. 6d. each, which Tickets can be obtained at the Company's Offices, or of any of the agents. A limited number of Stalls will be reserved, which may be taken for the series of Twelve Concerts by an additional payment of One Guinea each Stall, or Half-a-Crown for a single Concert.

On these days the ordinary rates of admission will be suspended. The Palace will open at One, and the Concerts commence at Three.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SEASON TICKETS, 1857.

I. TWO GUINEA TICKETS.—These admit the holder to the twelve Opera Concerts; to the Concert of the Cologne Choral Union, on the 6th June; to the Flower Shows on May 30th and September 9th, 10th, and 11th; to all the displays of the Grand Fountains; to the Poultry Shows in August and January; and on all occasions between 1st May, 1857, and 30th April, 1858, on which the Palace is open, the four days of the Handel Festival—viz., the 13th, 15th, 17th, and 19th June only excepted.

II. ONE GUINEA TICKETS.—These admit the holder on all the above occasions, excepting the Opera Concerts, and the other Fridays throughout the year, and the 13th, 15th, 17th, and 19th June, being the four days of the Handel Festival.

Season Tickets are not transferable, and must be signed by the Proprietor before being presented at the Palace, and the proprietor must also sign his or her name in the book at the entrance, whenever required to do so. N.B.—Season Tickets lost cannot be replaced, and Season Ticket holders leaving their tickets behind them, must pay the price of admission for the day.

Season tickets may now be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at the Offices of the Company, 79, Lombard-street; at the Offices of the London and Brighton Railway Company, London-bridge, and Regent-circus, Piccadilly; Central Handel Festival Office, Exeter-hall; and of the following Agents to the Company:—Addison, Hollier, and Co., 210, Regent-street; H. A. Bebbington, 426, Strand; George A. Calner, 1, Bathurst-street, Hyde Park-gardens; Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; Dando, Todhunter, and Smith, 22, Grosvenor-street, Bank; Duff and Hodgson, 65, Oxford-street; M. Hammond and Nephew, 27, Lombard-street; Keith, Frowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Lettis, Son, and Co., 8, Royal Exchange; Mend and Powell, Railway-arcade, London-bridge; J. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; W. R. Sams, 1, St. James's-street; W. H. Stephens, 36, Throgmorton-street; Chas. Westerton, 20, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge. Remittances for Season Tickets to be by Post-office orders, payable to George Grove.

All applications for Tickets must state whether for Ladies or Gentlemen.

HANDEL.—A superb Portrait of this great Master, copied from the Windsor Painting, and beautifully engraved on Stone. Size, 25 inches by 20 inches. Price 6s. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, Holles-street.

MESSRS. HAROLD THOMAS and R. BLAGROVE'S
THREE MATINEES MUSICALES, at Willis's Rooms, Mondays, May 11th, June 8th, and July 6th. To commence at half-past 2 o'clock. Artists—Mad. Weiss, Mdle. Rückel, Mrs. Haynes, Miss Dolby, Sig. Marras, Messrs. Charles Braham, Benson, Weiss, and the Orpheus Glee Union; M.M. Saindon, H. Blagrove, Lucas, Chipp, R. Blagrove, Lindsay Sloper, W. G. Cousins, and Harold Thomas. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, to be had only of Mr. R. Blagrove, 71, Mortimer-street, W.; and Mr. H. Thomas, 19, Old Bond-street. Tickets, 7s. each, at the principal music warehouses.

CONCERT IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, Paddington, under the patronage of the Queen and Prince Albert.—A GRAND CONCERT will be given at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday next, April 28, at eight o'clock. Vocalists:—Messrs. Gasser, Stabbech, and Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Guglielmi, and Mr. Weiss; Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Instrumentalists:—Piano, Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper; Violin, M. Saindon. Tickets, Half-a-guinea each, may be obtained at the Hospital; at Cramer and Co's, 201, Regent-street; and Robert W. Olivier's, 19, Old Bond-street Piccadilly.
ROBERT J. NEWMAN, Secretary.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. PROGRAMME of the SECOND CONCERT, Wednesday Evening, April 29th, 1857. Part I.—Overture (Coriolanus) Beethoven; Aria, Mad. Rudersdorff, Spohr; Duo Concertante for Violin and Viola (second time of performance), Mozart, M. Saindon and Mr. Henry Blagrove; Aria, Mdle. Solari, Mozart; Symphony in A. Beethoven. Part II.—Concerto, Pianoforte, Mozart, Miss Arabella Goddard; Aria, Mad. Rudersdorff, Meyerbeer; Overture (Der Freischütz) Weber, Conductor, Dr. Wylde. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. each. To be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co's, 201, Regent-street; and Messrs. Keith, Frowse, and Co's, Cheapside.
33, Argyll Street, W. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S SECOND PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCE, Wednesday evening, April 29, at 27, Queen Anne-street. Mad. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Weiss, Mrs. John Macfarren, M.M. Louis Ries, Blagrove, Eylward, and C. Severn. Programme, Quintet, G. A. Macfarren. Duet, La Dove prende, Mozart. Solo, andante, Beethoven, L'amabile e l'appassionata, S. Bennett. Songs, "Two sweet e'en," and "Welcome spring," Walter Macfarren. Duet, andante, and variations in B flat, Mendelssohn.—Part 2. Quartet in G minor, Mozart. Song, "The Miller," Weiss. Solos, Tenerezza, and La Spirituelle, Walter Macfarren. Songs, "The widow bird," and "Flow down," Walter Macfarren. Trio, Nora, G. A. Macfarren. Solo, valse brillante, S. Heller.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—1, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON. Instituted 1820. T. GEORGE BARCLAY, Esq., Chairman. MARTIN T. SMITH, Esq., M.P., Deputy-Chairman.

One-third of the premium on Insurances of £500 and upwards, for the whole term of life, may remain as a debt upon the Policy, to be paid off at convenience; or the directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

Four-fifths, or 80 per cent., of the profits are assigned to policies every fifth year, and may be applied to increase the sum insured, to an immediate payment in cash, or to the reduction and ultimate extinction of future Premiums.

At the Fifth Appropriation of Profits for the five years terminating January 31, 1856, a reversionary bonus was declared of £1 10s. per cent. on the sums insured, and subsisting additions for every premium paid during the five years. This bonus, on policies of the longest duration, exceeds £2 5s. per cent. per annum on the original sums insured, and increases a policy of £1,000 to £1,638.

Proposals for Insurances may be made at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16, Pall-mall, London; or to any of the Agents throughout the kingdom.

BONUS TABLE.

SHewing THE ADDITIONS MADE TO POLICIES OF £1,000 EACH.

Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856.	Sum Payable after Death.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1820.....	523 16 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0
1825.....	582 14 0	103 14 0	1486 8 0
1830.....	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
1835.....	185 3 0	88 17 0	1274 0 0
1840.....	128 15 0	81 17 0	1213 8 0
1845.....	65 13 0	79 18 0	1145 13 0
1850.....	10 0 0	75 13 0	1083 15 0
1855.....	—	15 0 0	1015 0 0

And for Intermediate Years in proportion.

The next Appropriation will be made in 1861.

Insurances without Participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING

PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fullness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

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WITH HIS

JUVENILE ORCHESTRA

NUMBERING UPWARDS OF 30 INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS,
AND A CHORUS OF FORTY VOICES.

Composed of Little English, Scotch, and Irish Boys,

From Five to Fifteen years of age,

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Taught by him gratuitously, in order to illustrate his entirely new, simple, and effective system of Musical Education, to facilitate the encouragement and promotion of Musical Talent among the rising generation of this country, is open to Engagements. Dr. MARK has performed with his pupils at the New Free Trade Hall, Manchester; Music Hall, Edinburgh; City Hall, Glasgow; Concert Hall, and St. George's Hall, Liverpool; St. George's Hall, Bradford; in Birmingham, and in all the principal cities and towns of twenty-five counties, with the greatest success, obtaining the highest approbation.

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"JOAN OF ARC," Recit. and Air.—Sung by Miss JULIA ST. GEORGE in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s. 6d., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps, Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W., Music-sellers.

"THOSE OTHER TIMES," Ballad, sung by Miss Julia St. George, in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. London: Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street N.W.

MISS LOUISA VINNING.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE 2s. 6d.,

WITH PORTRAIT OF MISS VINNING,

THE SIREN'S SONG,

BY

FRANK MORI.

Sung by Miss Vinning at the Crystal Palace with great success.

Leave thy bark and rest with me!
Behold, our green and sunny isle
Proffers all its sweets to thee,
And woe thee with her brightest smile.
Oh, here with me contented stay,
Ah, ah, ah, stay,
And I will sing to thee all day
Ah, ah, ah, stay!
Leave thy bark, etc.

Oh stay—oh stay with me,
And thou shalt happy be,
And all your days prolong
With pleasure, love, and song.
Oh, stay! oh, stay!
Sweet for thee the flowers shall spring
Balmey breezes ever blow;
Birds their tales of love shall sing,
And streams make music as they flow.
Oh, stay—oh, stay with me,
And thou shalt happy be.
Ah, stay!

BOOSEY & SONS' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

POETRY OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Thinking that every work of art, that is perfect in its kind, deserves a chance of immortality, and moreover that your highly esteemed journal is the safest and surest road to such fame as lyrical genius can acquire, I respectfully enclose a song, which I purchased the other day of an itinerant vocalist, and which is unquestionably the most perfectly bad poem I ever saw. Although the number of lines is only 36, it contains seven instances of false rhyme, one (in the last verse) of unparalleled audacity. Although the metre (considered apart from the rhyme) is in the highest degree defective, the abundance of words introduced for the sake of metre only is most astounding. Although a story is at the foundation of the work, everything like interest is avoided with the most wonderful success, and the action, evidently simple in itself, is rendered impenetrably obscure. That such a combination of defects, both in matter and form, is the result of mere ignorance or carelessness, I cannot believe. Depend upon it some conscientious poet has heard of the modern æsthetical paradox, "Le laid, voilà le beau," and has deliberately composed a work on that principle.

A LONDON BEDOUIN.

THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

The sun was far, the clouds advanced,
When a convict came to the Isle of France;
Around his leg he wore a ring and chain,
And his country was of the Shamrock green.

Then the coast guard waited all on the beach,
Till the convict-boat was all in the reach;
The convict's chains did so shine and spark,
Which opened the veins of the coast guard's heart.

Then the coast guard launched his little boat,
That on the ocean with him to float;
The birds at night take their silent rest,
But the convict here has a wounded breast.

Then the coast guard came to the Isle of France—
Towards him the convict did advance;
When the tears from his eyes did fall like rain,
"I hear, young man, you are of the Shamrock green."

"I am a Shamrock," the convict cried,
"That has been toss'd on the ocean wide;
For being unruly, I do declare,
I was doomed a transport for seven years."

"When six of them was past and gone,
We were coming home for to make up one;
When the stormy winds did blow and roar,
Which cast me here, on this foreign shore."

Then the coast guard played a noble part,
And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart;
"Although the night is so far advanced,
You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,
About the dreadful shipwreck of the Shamrock green;
Then his freedom came by a speedy post,
To the absent convict they thought was lost.

"God bless the coast guard," the convict cried,
"You have saved my life from the ocean wide;
I will drink his health in a flowing glass,
So, Here's success to the Isle of France."

SIGNOR PUGNI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Can you inform me what has become of—or the reason of the non-engagement of that—admirable composer of ballet music, Signor Pagni, and also why they cannot put his name to their *affiches* at Her Majesty's Theatre of *Esmeralda*—surely the eminent services of such a man at least deserve such a reward. An answer in your notices will oblige

April 22.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

[Signor Pagni is at St. Petersburg, where for several years he has held the post of ballet composer at the Imperial Opera.]—Ed.

HANDEL FESTIVAL—CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE arrangements of the seats for the audience are completed, and the plan of the stalls is just issued.

From this, it appears to be the intention to divide the central transept into two departments by an impassable barrier, thus practically reducing the number of the audience who will have to be dealt with by one half; as each side of the barrier may be said to hold a distinct assemblage, with means of approach and general arrangements totally independent of each other.

The whole of the great transept, from the orchestra, has been set out in blocks of stalls—each block comprising about 400. The stalls on the North side are designated by *single* letters, from A to T, those on the South side by *double* letters, AA to TT. The former are provided with entrances at the North end of the building, which is that nearest to S, denham; the latter by the South, or Norwood approach. With the facilities existing at the Crystal Palace for carriages to set down, it is believed that, by the aid of efficient police arrangements, all delay may be avoided, and that, with a sufficient number of approaches, carriages may be prevented forming in lines, and thus from causing inconvenient obstruction, more particularly since there is no doubt the trustees of the turnpikes on the roads will have a competent staff to take the tolls without loss of time.

It has been stated that the two entrances will be situated at the smaller transepts. After passing the outer doors, a large clear space will be allotted as a kind of vestibule, leading out of which separate avenues will be apportioned off through the various courts, each distinguished by a large single or double letter, and conducting directly to the block where the holders of that particular letter may have places reserved for them. On arriving there, stewards will be in attendance, with plans in hand, ready to show visitors to the seats indicated by the number of the tickets. The staff of stewards in constant practice at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society will form a nucleus for the larger body to be brought into active service on behalf of the enormous audiences expected in June, at the Crystal Palace.

The access by railway has also received due attention from the Crystal Palace authorities. It is intended that railway visitors shall enter the palace by the staircases leading to the smaller transept, at north and south approaches respectively. Thus they can reach the vestibule leading to the lettered avenues in the same manner as the visitors by road. As no avenue will have to pass more than 1,500 persons, the arrangements can be carried out without the least confusion. Additional retiring rooms for ladies and gentlemen will be provided at each extremity of the building.

As the orchestra is built close to the central entrance, this means of approach will be reserved exclusively for the musical service, including entrances for performers, stewards, vans for musical instruments, &c., &c.

We are requested to state that the ticket-office will open on Monday morning for the sale of tickets and exchange of vouchers. The lower hall in Exeter Hall has been engaged as a ticket-office, and will be open during the present week from 10 to 4 o'clock. It is intended to fit up the galleries looking into the central transept with a limited number of stalls. As these seats command a fine prospect of the entire audience and orchestra, they will be issued in sets, only for the three days. Separate access to them will be secured by the staircases in the small transepts.

THIEVES AT EXETER HALL.—An audacious attempt was made at Exeter Hall on Easter Monday, by some dishonest wretches, to rob Mr. Sims Reeves and other vocalists, but it was happily defeated by the firmness of the attacked parties, who successfully resisted the rascals. The latter evinced their disappointment by yelling and hissing, but finally went away without obtaining what they sought. The police ought to have interfered, but the names of several of the parties are known, and should such an attempt be repeated, it will be easy to single them out for punishment. Mr. Punch congratulates Mr. Reeves and his companions upon their spirited conduct, in reference to which, Mr. Punch begs, in apparent opposition to the meaning of the above remarks, to cry *Encore*.—Punch.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT THE
PHILHARMONIC.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE concerto of Mendelssohn, the most finished and brilliant of his compositions for the pianoforte, and perhaps the most difficult of its class extant, was a surprise no less than a pleasure to a great majority of the audience. Herr Charles Hallé had been announced to perform Beethoven's concerto in G, but at the eleventh hour an unlucky accident to one of his fingers rendered it impossible for him to fulfil his engagement. The loss of such a *virtuoso* would have been a serious check upon the gratification of the audience had a less worthy substitute been found; but Miss Arabella Goddard, who was applied to at the last moment, left no cause to regret a change which brought with it a performance so brilliant and astonishing, and so much the more deserving of praise since there had been scarcely any time for preparing it. Miss Goddard, as is very well known to all who are acquainted with the musical phenomena of the day, has the entire catalogue of the concertos of the great masters (to say nothing of their sonatas) at her finger's ends; and not only that, is also profoundly imbued with their beauties, and familiar with the style and individual peculiarities of each and all of them. At a moment's notice she could have played the concerto set down for Herr Hallé just as well and just as easily as the No. 2 of Mendelssohn; but the former was courteously reserved for the German pianist, and the latter was as welcome a substitute as could have been selected. The music of Mendelssohn seems to flow more naturally from the fingers of Miss Arabella Goddard than from those of any other performer since the great composer himself ceased to play and to live. Those groups of "arpeggios" which, in the most rapid movement, so unmercifully hedge round the playful counter-subject of the *finale*, every note of which, too, must be distinctly heard, and heard in its exact place, without at all impeding the natural progress of the cantilena, are the despair of ninety-nine pianists in a hundred. The majority cannot master them at all; others resort to the expedient of the pedal in order to drown the effect of false notes; whilst others accentuate the first note of the group, and leave the remainder to the imagination. But our gifted and accomplished young countrywoman executes these "arpeggios" with such an equality of tone, a touch so delicate—and, as the French say, *effleuré*—that the ear of the most acutely organised connoisseur would never detect a slip; whilst the melody, upon which the "arpeggios" are (to use a metaphor) attendant ministers, flows on saucily and unrestrained as though the cunning master had put nothing down to trammel it or make its free course less practicable. But not only the *finale*—which Miss Goddard took at the prodigious pace always adopted by Mendelssohn himself, a pace that few, if indeed any, others have been able to imitate, and which was a masterpiece of bravura execution from end to end—not only the *finale* of the concerto was entitled to unqualified commendation. The allegro in the minor key, with which the work commences, was delivered throughout in a style congenial to its grandly impetuous character; the beautiful cantabile, that contrasts so gratefully with the more fiery and ungovernable passages, being rendered with an expression quite Italian in its warmth, and a richness of tone that endowed it with an additional and irresistible charm. The slow movement in B flat, one of the loveliest inspirations of the master, which appears to have flowed from his inmost heart, so natural and undeniable is its appeal to the feelings of those who listen with faith and love to the beautiful, pleased us quite as much, perhaps more, than all the rest; since that perfect method of phrasing which makes of the ungrateful key-board a voice as sweet as that of any—even the most gifted and impassioned singer—is, in some measure, a recent acquirement of Miss Goddard, who was from the first an executant with scarcely a rival, but is now a *poetess* (thanks to her deep and ardent study of the last gorgeous outpourings from the genius of the mighty Beethoven, to which she owes her present immense reputation) as well as a player, the instrument being quite as much under the control of her graceful and ardent mind as of her marvellously agile fingers. Miss Goddard

was cordially welcomed on entering the orchestra, and enthusiastically applauded at the termination of each movement of the concerto.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first concert of the present season took place on Monday night, when the appearance of the Hanover Square Rooms suggested the fact that the subscription list was better than last year. This is mainly due to the influence of Professor Sterndale Bennett, who, with much pains, commendable diligence, high *prestige*, and distinguished ability, has almost restored the Old Society to that equilibrium from which it had been disturbed by the eccentricities of Herr Wagner. The band is re-organising rapidly under his able guidance, and things are evidently "looking up."

The following was the selection on Monday:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia in E flat, No. 8	Haydn.
Aria, "Di militari onori" (Jessonda)	Sig. Belletti, Spohr.
Concerto in D minor, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard	Mendelssohn.
Recit.
Aria, "Du, mein Heil"	Mad. Rudersdorff (Oberon) Weber.
Overture (Euryanthe)	Weber.
PART II.			
Sinfonia in D, No. 2	Beethoven.
Concertino violoncello, Sig. Piatti	F. A. Kummer.
Duetto (Agnese) Mad. Rudersdorff and Sig. Belletti	Paer.
Overture (Les Deux Journées)	Cherubini.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.			

The symphonies were both welcome and both finely executed. In the *andante* of Haydn, M. Sainton's admirable execution of the variation for fiddle *obbligato*, elicited a hearty round of applause. This eminent *virtuoso* is engaged as *chef-d'attaque* at the first two concerts, after which he secedes in favor of Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Cooper, and his services are then lost to the orchestra. Surely, some better arrangement might be effected even now. Professor Bennett would do well to advise the committee on the matter.

The overtures, splendid specimens of the best manner of their composers, though a little hacknied, it must be confessed, were "*enlevées*" by the band in the strictest meaning of the term, and like the symphonies, loudly applauded by the audience.

The *Scène Chantante* of Herr Kummer is a diffuse and uninteresting composition; but it served to show off to infinite advantage the matchless qualities of the great Italian violoncellist, who never played more marvellously.

The second concerto of Mendelssohn was the most brilliant feature of the evening. How it came to be played, instead of another work which had been advertised, with M. Charles Hallé as pianist, and in what manner it was executed by our admirable young English pianist, is thus described by a morning contemporary:

"The concerto of Mendelssohn was an unlooked for treat. Up to the last moment it was expected that M. Charles Hallé, the great German pianist, would play the concerto of Beethoven in G. An unlucky accident, however, made it impossible for M. Hallé to redeem his pledge; and at a very few hours' notice, Miss Arabella Goddard consented to act as his substitute. A worthier could not have been found. Not many pianists would, or could, indeed, have undertaken such a task as that of playing the most trying and difficult of concertos with scarcely any preparation; but Miss Goddard—as it has been more than once our duty to remark—appears to have all the works of the great masters in her head and in her fingers, ready to execute any of them at a moment's warning; and it is this which constitutes her most legitimate claim to be regarded as a genuine artiste. Many a *virtuoso* has existed for years on the reputation obtained through the perfect execution of half-a-dozen pieces; and how many foreign "lions," who cross the channel to astonish the aborigines of Great Britain, hearing, when setting foot on shore, that a certain leaning towards "classical" music exists in our foggy and uncongenial region, gracefully condescend to flatter the prejudice of its inhabitants, and to edify them with alternate performances of Hummel's *Septuor*, the *Moonlight Sonata* of Beethoven, Mendelssohn's First Concerto, and the *Concert Stück* of Weber,—which four pieces comprehend their "classical" stock in

trade. Between this and being thoroughly "up" in the whole repertory of the great masters, there is a vast difference, of which our foreign visitors should long ago have been made aware, if only through the example of one of themselves—M. Hallé—to whom all the classical music is familiar. Miss Goddard, it is hardly necessary to say, is a *virtuoso* of the first rank; but her fame has not been won on the strength of playing half-a-dozen pieces *ad perpetuum*. On the contrary, she has set herself the task of mastering whatever should be known; and has thus been enabled to acquire a much more honorable distinction than which belongs to the mere pianist of display, who, when called upon to perform anything out of the ordinary routine, is at a loss, or at least stands in need of a long probationary display. Her execution of Mendelssohn's magnificent concerto was admirable in every respect. The reading was exactly that of the composer, and the manipulation irreproachable throughout. The first *allegro* was delivered with the passion, warmth, and dignity that are its poetical characteristics; and the irresistible *finale* with the true Mendelssohnian vigour, playfulness, and impetuosity, and with the true Mendelssohnian speed in the bargain. Equal, if not superior in attraction to both was the exquisitely graceful and touching delivery of the slow movement, which declared Miss Goddard a mistress of the art, possessed by so rare a number, of *singing* as well as playing on the instrument, and especially delighted connoisseurs, who, among the Philharmonic audience, may be set down as a large majority. The entire performance created a sensation of a more than ordinary kind, and never was the unanimous applause of capable judges more richly merited."

To which we need add nothing—unless it be a word in favour of the orchestral accompaniments to the concerto, so admirably performed under the steady direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett.

Of the vocal music we have nothing particular to say. Signor Belletti gave the *bolero* from *Jessonda* in his usual manner, and Madame Rudersdorff did her best with the not very grateful air from *Oberon*. Paer's "Quel sepolcro," though well sung, might have been spared.

Professor Bennett was received with enthusiasm, both at the beginning and the end of the concert—which was preceded, according to custom, by a performance of the National Anthem. Our distinguished countryman never more amply deserved the compliment, since he never conducted better, or with more gratifying results.

MUSICAL UNION.

THE first *matinée* of the regular season offered several points of interest. There was a new work of importance by a composer of distinguished merit—Herr Molique; and a new pianist, Mdlle. Anna Molique, his youngest daughter. There was also Signor Bottesini, with his marvellous contrabasso, which had not been heard since last year; and, in addition, a capital programme, as the following will show:—

Quartet, No. 6 (in C)	Mozart.
Trio MS., Op. 52 (in F)	Molique.
Double Quartet, Op. 58 (in D)	Spohr.
Solo—Contrabasso	Bottesini.

The quartet—in many respects the most highly finished of the set of six with which Mozart took such pains, and which he wrote with such enthusiasm, since they were destined to be inscribed to his great contemporary, Haydn, from whom the author of *Don Giovanni* learned something in the beginning, but who learned more from the author of *Don Giovanni* in the end—the quartet in C major, the last of the glorious *suite*, is always welcome, and doubly so when rendered with irreproachable neatness and precision, combined with undeviating purity of expression, as by Herr Molique and his coadjutors on the present occasion. Equally acceptable in another way was the elaborate double quartet of Spohr, who may be said to have invented and brought to perfection the form of chamber music of which this is so striking an example. No one plays Spohr with more judgment and accuracy, or more exactly in the manner adopted by that great master himself, than Molique, who, though a considerably younger man, has long been regarded by German critics, from a certain point of view, as Spohr's only rival. The two parties thus divided:—First quartet—Herr Molique, Ries, Goffrie, and Signor Piatti; second quartet—Mr. Blagrove, Herr Pollitzer, Mr. R. Blagrove,

and M. Paque. The execution throughout was first-rate, the quartet led by our eminent English violinist proving itself in every respect a worthy companion to the other (more formidable in conspicuous names) directed by the renowned *kapellmeister* from Stuttgart. The effect was equally good (because the playing was equally careful and exact) when the two quartets were, so to say, contending against each other separately for the palm, and when they laboured simultaneously in a grand *ensemble*—like enemies, who, esteeming each other, forget their differences and unite in perfect amity. The whole work was listened to with such delight that the director of the Musical Union may safely repeat it (or—better, perhaps—try another of the set—the splendid one in E minor, for instance) at a future "*séance*."

The new trio of Herr Molique was received with the utmost favour, and the execution of the pianoforte part by Mademoiselle Anna Molique (who has been studying for two or three years under M. Hallé—she could not have selected a better master) afforded unanimous satisfaction. Nothing could be clearer, more unaffected, or in better taste than her entire performance; and this demands the higher praise, since the trio is not only extremely difficult *quand même*, but is by no means written for the piano in a grateful or convenient manner. Herr Molique's passages are not quite so awkward and so out of sorts with the genius of the instrument as those of Dr. Spohr, but they are often very nearly so, and give the pianist a larger amount of trouble than the most difficult music of composers who, themselves pianists, know how to accommodate the executant by consulting the mechanical peculiarities of the key-board. What may be the general merits and attainments of Mademoiselle Anna Molique we are unable to decide until we have an opportunity of hearing her in other things. The impression she created in her father's trio, however, was such as to justify flattering anticipations of her career. She was powerfully supported by Herr Molique and Signor Piatti, and warmly encouraged by the audience, who loudly applauded her at the end of every one of the four movements. Of the trio itself we can only say just now that, like all the essays of its author, it everywhere exhibits ingenious contrivance, thorough intelligence of form, and a profound acquaintance with those principles of art which, if rejected or ignored, music becomes no better than an incoherent succession of chords and phrases. In short, it is the work of a master, whatever may be thought of its originality—a point which, together with its other characteristics, cannot be fairly discussed on the strength of such a superficial knowledge as may be obtained in one hearing.

Signor Bottesini played a slow movement, in which he enraptured and astonished his hearers by a display of wonderful execution, united to unrivalled beauty of tone and phrasing and a great variety of peculiar effects, through means of which, besides enlarging its sphere, he has imparted to the double-bass a totally new and unprecedented character. He was accompanied by a stringed quartet, and honoured with unanimous applause at the conclusion.

On the whole this was one of the best concerts ever given by the Musical Union. At the next *matinée* Madame Clara (Wick) Schumann is to be the pianist and Herr Ernst the violinist.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The fifth and last grand concert of the season was given here on Monday, when the room was crowded in every part, and when we name Sims Reeves and Clara Novello, it is pretty apparent how this came to pass; the other vocalists were Sig. and Mad. F. Lablache, Mad. Anna Thillon, Miss L. Harris (a *debutante*), and Mr. J. L. Hatton, who also conducted. The programme contained twenty-four pieces, and but few novelties. The great "hit" of the evening, unquestionably, was the Balfé-Reeves song, "Come into the garden, Maud," sung to perfection by Mr. Sims Reeves, and unanimously encored. As the other pieces were all more or less well-known, it is useless to criticise, and when we have said that Mr. Hatton sang his songs with his usual spirit, and Madame Clara Novello her's in her usual pure style, we have said all. The concert did not terminate until a late hour, and seemed to give vast satisfaction to the large audience.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*—Handel's third greatest work—perhaps never enjoyed so excellent a chance of being appreciated as at its first performance this season by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The execution on the whole was the finest to which we have ever listened. Urged to more than ordinary energy by the anticipation of the forthcoming grand "Festival" at the Crystal Palace—which is to include *Judas Maccabæus* as well as the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the indefatigable guidance of Mr. Costa, has bestirred itself in a manner hitherto unexampled; and it is not too much to say, that the performances this year, with one or two exceptions duly recorded, have surpassed in general excellence anything previously attempted at Exeter-hall. Grand, however, as was, in a more than usual number of instances, the execution of the unparalleled *Israel*, that of *Judas Maccabæus* was still more striking. From the almost irreproachable style in which the most magnificent and stupendous of the choruses—"Disdainful of danger," "Hear us, O Lord" (Part I); "Fallen is the foe" (one of the choral masterpieces of Handel), "We hear—we hear!" and "We never will bow down" (Part II.); and last, not least, the "Hallelujah" (Part III.)—were delivered, it seemed as if Mr. Costa had either been endowed with a magic wand that enabled him (hopeless task heretofore) to make the whole of the "600" not only sing, but sing correctly, or, which we have reason to believe still more difficult, to persuade all those incapable of singing in time and tune to stay away from the concert. Whatever the cause, it is our duty to state the result. The performance of Handel's *Judas* was not only of such a nature as to encourage the highest anticipations of the musical treat reserved for the visitors to the Crystal Palace on the second day of the festival, but such as to warrant a belief that this hitherto comparatively neglected *chef-d'œuvre* may eventually become one of the most attractive pieces in the repository of the Sacred Harmonic Society—which, notwithstanding its wonderful choruses and the remarkably dramatic character of the principal airs, has up to this period rather been desired than realized.

The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Dolby, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Sims Reeves. All of these ladies and gentlemen sang their very best; but, as customary in this particular oratorio, the chief share of the honour fell to the representative of the principal tenor music, to whom the most striking and effective airs are allotted. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang more admirably than on the present occasion. The two fine songs, "Call forth thy powers," and "How vain is man," were distinguished by the nicest artistic discrimination, and an acquaintance with the proper mode of rendering the Music of Handel which perhaps no other singer of the present time can boast to the same extent. But it was in the fierce declamatory outburst, "Sound an alarm," that Mr. Sims Reeves made the greatest impression. It would not be easy to imagine anything more vocally energetic, and yet at the same time more pure and noble in its simplicity, than the delivery of this impetuous air, which raised the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Another piece worth mentioning was the duet for *soprano and contralto*, "O never bow we down" (which leads to the emphatic chorus already named), sung to perfection by Madame Novello and Miss Dolby. The principal bass music was very carefully given by Mr. Thomas, and the performance altogether afforded unqualified satisfaction to a vast assembly.—*Times*.

WILLIS'S ROOMS.—Herr Pauer gave his second *soirée musicale* on Wednesday. The artists were—Madame Pauer, Herr Osten, MM. Deichmann, Ries, Webb, and Piatti.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—A concert was given here on Wednesday, for the benefit of the "Young Friend's Society." The entertainment was of a miscellaneous character, comprising some songs from Miss Dolby and Miss Poole, among the former of which was "The green trees" of Balfe, sung with the same success that invariably attends it. Herr Louis Ries played one of Viouxtemp's solos on the violin, and some glees and part-songs commenced and finished each part.

MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

"A *matinée* was given recently by Mr. J. Thorne Harris in the Hopetoun Rooms, which was attended by a fashionable and numerous audience. The executants were—Herr Ernst, violin; Mr. J. F. Hanson, viola; Mr. Hausmann, violoncello; Mr. J. Thorne Harris, pianoforte; and a choir of male voices. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's quartet in F minor, which was performed with great spirit. In the *adagio*, in particular, Herr Ernst executed his part with exquisite taste and fine expression. The next piece was a Notturmo, performed by Herr Ernst, which was a flow of melody of extraordinary beauty and of charming tenderness and pathos. In his brilliant and fanciful solo upon *Il Pirata*, this distinguished violinist showed his wonderful powers in quite a different style—namely, florid and rapid execution, while his humoristic powers and infinite variety of expression were still more remarkably illustrated in his *Carnaval de Venise*, which he substituted on being encoored. Beethoven's sonata, No. 3, for piano and violin, was admirably executed by Herr Ernst and Mr. Thorne Harris, as also was a duo for the same instruments, composed by Mr. Harris—a piece of considerable merit, and of a very pleasing character. While in this and other pieces Mr. Harris's abilities as a composer were exhibited, his great talents as a pianist were also displayed in a marked degree. His brilliancy of execution, and his firmness and precision, and at the same time lightness of touch, exhibit both skill and taste in the management of the instrument. Herr Hausmann, of whose performances we have often had occasion to speak, and Mr. F. Hanson, a rising musician, ably fulfilled their parts in the programme."

The above is from the principal Edinburgh paper. Another local journal writes of Herr Ernst as follows:—

"Of Herr Ernst's merits as a violinist, it is superfluous to speak. As an exponent of Beethoven's music, he is, perhaps, unrivalled by any living player, and this is a far higher test of an artist's power than the performance of those feats of digital dexterity which find such ready favour in the present day. That Herr Ernst can excel even in this lower department of his art, those of our readers who have heard his marvellous variations to the *Carnaval* can well believe; but it is not on the successful accomplishment of these tricks, wonderful though they be, that his fame as an artist will depend. His performance on Saturday was worthy of all praise, and must have afforded unmingled gratification to all who listened to it."

EDINBURGH.—A numerous and fashionable audience assembled in the Music Hall on the occasion of Sig. Orsini's concert. The engagement of two such eminent and favorite vocalists as Mad. Caradori and Signor Neri-Baraldi should not be overlooked. The concert opened with Spohr's Quintett, Op. 52—pianoforte, Mr. C. Hargitt; violins, Messrs. Mackenzie and Hansom; viola, Mr. Stewart; violoncello, Herr Bartel. To this succeeded the duet from *Don Pasquale*, "Tornami a dir," charmingly sung by Mad. Caradori and Sig. Baraldi, who was received with a burst of applause. The first movement of one of Beethoven's quartets was performed by the artists already named. Sig. Baraldi sang "Come è gentil" most pleasingly. The "Miserere" scene from *Il Trovatore* was a highly effective performance by Mad. Caradori, Sig. Baraldi, and chorus. Sig. Baraldi also sang the romanza from *La Favorita*, "Spirto gentil," in his most admirable manner. Mad. Caradori sang "Merci, mes jeunes amies" from Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, with much brilliancy. It was redemanded unanimously. We have always considered Mad. Caradori an excellent artist, but think that since her return from Italy, where she has been engaged during the Carnival, her voice is fresher and her method more perfect than before. The brilliant cavatina from the *Vêpres* is a composition which can only be rendered effective by an artist possessing great compass and flexibility of voice, and is an excellent medium for the display of *fioriture*. Mr. Hargitt performed a solo on the pianoforte, and Sig. Orsini presided at the pianoforte.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

MDLLE. HERTHA DE WESTERSTRAND, a Swedish *prima donna* from Stockholm, who made her first appearance in Paris at Herr Reichardt's concert with great success, will arrive in London in a few days for the season. Rumour speaks in high terms of the lady's vocal capabilities.

ESMERALDA.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

Written in Her Majesty's Theatre, Thursday, April 23, 1857.)

Can thirteen years be gone and past,
Since I saw Esmeralda last,
And heard the tambourine
CARLOTTA rattled at the wing,
Ere, with that bright and joyous fling,
She bounded on the scene?

Can it be true? Alack! alack!
Through a long vista looking back
I trace the period o'er!
I'm stouter than I used to be;
Last birthday I was forty-three,
At balls, I dance no more.

This morning Mr. Truefit said,
He fear'd the hair upon my head,
At top was getting thin.
"Thin!" What he so politely call'd
Was formerly considered bald—
I bore it with a grin.

Why—thirteen years ago—let's see,
Enchanting Piccolomini
Was quite a tiny witch;
Of Jenny Lind we'd scarcely heard—
Of great Alboni not a word,
And Delafield was rich.

I mind me of the grand Copé
Of Perrot's comical despair—
St. Leon *Phabus* play'd:
Venafra eke, and Gourriet too,
And all the twinkling-footed crew,
That such *ensemble* made!

Those were the ballet's days—how well
I recollect how fair *Giselle*
And *Ondine* whirl'd about;
And *Alma*, in Cerito's prime,
(Another *Alma* since that time
Has put her fire quite out.)

But still, whilst sitting happy here,
Old forms and faces still appear,
In amber-curtain'd nooks:
And from the omnibus a lot
Of friends, like me who've stouter got,
Gaze forth, with pleasant looks.

And see! the old familiar scene,
The Truands waiting for their queen,
Upon their own demesne;
The captive poet pale and lean—
Small chance him and the rope between!
And hark! the tambourine!

A graceful girl, with deer-like bound,
That seems to spurn the level ground,
Springs on, so fresh and fair!
And as she dips, her petticoats
So swim about, she fairly floats
In the enamoured air.

Comes, too, each old remember'd strain—
I feel I'm thirty once again,—
The gypsies' galope wild,—
The *Nuit des Nocees*, the *Truandaise*,
And all that, long since, did amaze,
In times so well beguill'd.

Midst "*Bravas*" loud the curtain falls;
I leave the opera's well-loved walls,
And to my club repair.
I'll try some supper once again,
And in a beaker of champagne
I'll toast POCOLINI there.

THE TRAVIATA.

A NEW AND FAVORITE SONG, AS SUNG AT EXETER HALL AND OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

AIR—"The Ratcatcher's Daughter."

In Westminster, not long ago,
Lumley brought out the *Traviata*:
She did not come from Westminster,
But the other side of the water.
And the swell young flats, took their Gibus hats,
With a round of applause to start her:
And gentlefolks all, filled every stall,
On the nights of the fair *Traviata*.
Doodle dum, doodle doo,
De dum doodle day.

The rich and the great came far and near,
For tickets their cash to barter;
Till, to suit the pious small, to Exeter Hall,
They imported the gay *Traviata*.
And there was a man in a lily-white band,
To her soft tones fell a martyr,
And over head and ears in love,
With the pretty little bright *Traviata*.
Doodle dum, &c.

Now all she sang, in his head so rang,
That coming along the Strand, oh!
He forgot in this state, that he was a cu-rate,
And cried, "Damn my lily-white band, ch!"
He *Camelias* did fix in his candlesticks,
Which to Westerton gave a starter,
And at church on Sunday the first word he said,
Was "Dearly beloved *Traviata*!"
Doodle dum, &c.

The May meetings came, when the saints declaim
Upon Mumbo-Jumbo's ravages,
And how Missionaries thrive, when chaw'd up alive,
By the Aboriginal Savages.
And dyspeptic Gamps, all religion and cramps,
Wished their own for such stomachs to barter,
But so cannibal he felt, that he sighed, as he knelt,
"I could eat her—the dear *Traviata*."
Doodle dum, &c.

Now this is a warning to great and small,
And young curates in particular,
Avoid Exeter Hall, or you'll certainly fall
From morals perpendicular:
For what can you gain from a place so profane,
Where, for hire their space to barter,
On the first Monday after the Holy Week,
They cry "VERDI! TO-NIGHT!! TRAVIATA!!!"
Doodle dum, &c.

THE "CAMELLIA" AT EXETER HALL.

(From Punch).

THE Lady of the Camellias has been permitted to sing at Exeter Hall; but the audience were advised by the following very moral—

"NOTICE.—The Exeter Hall Committee have interdicted the publication of an English translation of the above programme in the form of a Book of Words!"

Whatever was wrong was made correct—whatever was light, was "kept dark"—by remaining in Italian. The old gentlewoman in the comedy consents to accept the very black-tongued parrot when informed that though the bird swears horribly, it can't utter one naughty English word, but only swears in Portuguese. Now *La Traviata* was only naughty in Italian. People—concluded the pious committee—know nothing of the words, and there can be no wicked significance in mere music. *The Rogue's March* is not *The Rogue's March* without the verse: There can be nothing wrong in mere life and drum; and—with no English translation—*La Traviata* is mere sound and fury, signifying so much rent to the Exeter Hall Committee. Such casuists would split the prickles of a hedgehog into hairs fine as the hair of guinea-pigs.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that her **THIRD** and **LAST SOIREE** (of the Second Series,) will take place on Wednesday evening, **MAY 6th**, on which occasion she will have the honour to perform (for the third time in public,) Beethoven's Grand Sonata in B flat (Op. 106,) and the Thirty-two variations on an original air in C minor (Op. 36,) of the same Composer.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Monday, April 27th, and during the week, **A LIFE'S TRIAL**. After which, **ATALANTA**; or, **THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES**. Concluding with **A POPULAR FARCE**. In future the Prices of Admission to this Theatre will be—Stalls, 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Lower Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Second Price:—Dress Circle, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Lower Gallery, 6d. Commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Monday, April 27th, and during the week, **LIKE AND UNLIKE; THE ELVES**, or, **THE STATUE BRIDE**; and **WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER**. Mr. Webster will shortly make his re-appearance in a new drama. Commence at 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Monday, April 27, and during the week, **RICHARD THE SECOND**, preceded by **A GAME AT ROMPS**. Commence at 7.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Monday, April 27, and during the week, **DADDY HARDACRE; A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING**; and **THIEVES! THIEVES!** Commence at half-past 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE PHILHARMONIC (Clifton).—*Was our correspondent indulging in an ironical vein when he wrote? We were, when we wrote.*

A STUDENT OF SINGING.—*We believe that Signor Fossi was the professor of the celebrated Persiani, and is the maestro who gets up Madame Gassier in all her parts.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25TH, 1857.

STARTING from the pretty well authenticated legend which imparts so poetical an interest to the Op. 101, we may, without any violent stretch of imagination, connect every one of the late sonatas of Beethoven in some measure with the sentiment which generated that first idea and ruled the progress of its development. Whether one goddess or five, is a question for subtler psychologists than we can pretend to be; but that the great musician, during this particular epoch of his career, was either under the influence of a tormenting passion, or had conjured up in his mind's eye some beautiful ideal, to whom he paid court capriciously, now yielding to her sway without a murmur, and pouring out his melodious soul at her feet, now—sometimes vainly, sometimes successfully—endeavouring to throw off the spell, may be taken for granted. In the latter case, it is worth observing, Beethoven expresses himself almost invariably through the medium of an elaborate display of contrapuntal art, *per se*. It is a curious fact that not one of the last sonatas is without an example, more or less ambitious, of *fugue*—in which style, at the period under consideration, Beethoven seems to have had an irritable longing to demonstrate his excellence. And then, the five last sonatas—although no two of them are more alike than the mental phases that led to their production—all appear to grow out of each other. Each one—after the first, which generated them all—is, as it were, the necessary consequence of its immediate predecessor. To return to our romance, however.

At the end of the sonata in A major, we left the tone-poet triumphant. In an *allegro* of resolute and impetuous character, containing a fugue of extraordinary ingenuity, he had proclaimed, through that mysterious and eloquent language of which he was a master—the

universal language of music—his entire independence of an affection that for a while enthralled and was on the point of subduing him. The next pianoforte sonata—the Titanic “106”—shows him, almost from end to end, in the same free and disdainful condition, the consolation of art being illustrated in a perfectly astounding manner by the unexampled fugue, “*a tre voce senza alcuna licenzia*,” which makes the *finale*—one of the most inexplicable marvels of contrivance extant.* The only sign of despondency and spiritual yearning in the whole of Op. 106 is to be found in the slow movement (in F sharp minor), where the sentiment that possessed the mind of the master while committing to paper the short and impressive *largo* of the sonata already analysed (Op. 101) would seem to be developed and extended at great length. This slow movement is a boundless ocean of thought, in which no human sympathies have a part. Beethoven communes not with mankind—but, sublimely and religiously, with the universe and with God.

Passing over the sonata, Op. 106 (about which at a future time we have very much to say), we approach the next pianoforte work—Op. 109, in E major—and find the poet-musician once more a man, once more depressed and anxious, once more in love with his *ideal*. It little matters to us who or what was Mdle. Maxemiliana Brentano, to whom this gorgeous inspiration is dedicated. But a few months ago we met “Bettina”—the “Bettina”—an ancient and shrivelled lady, in the streets of Berlin. She was pointed out by one about as capable of comprehending the power she had exercised over the eager Beethoven as of explaining the secret of life and death. He said, as she flitted by—“Voilà Bettina—la Bettina de Beethoven;” and he was no more moved than if it had been the King of Prussia. Well, perhaps Mdle. Brentano was only another shadow of the ideal that Beethoven had conceived, and which “Bettina” and others had been unable to realise. *Tant mieux*. To these dreams, these yearnings, we are indebted for musical poems out of number; and among them all there is not one that exceeds in unfathomable beauty the pianoforte sonata in E major, Op. 109, between which and the Op. 101 the great B flat is the connecting bridge.

The very commencement of the work declares a reaction in the mind of Beethoven. His old feeling has come back upon him. He is irresolute and unhappy, and his state is clearly mirrored in his harmonious inspiration. The sonata commences thus furtively, as though the master was himself uncertain how to express himself:—



* The performance of which in public has immortalised Miss Arabella Goddard, since no other player (*Liszt himself not excepted*) has been able to execute it clearly and distinctly.

The sudden breaking off—after nine bars—of this train of thought, into the *adagio espressivo* :—

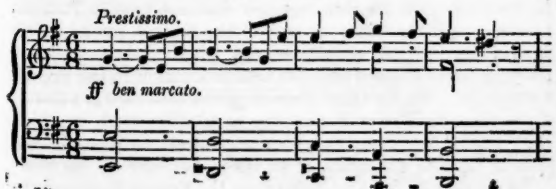


which, after a few wild and irregular measures, gives way to a long development of the first theme, again supplants it with further modifications, and again retires to allow of its full completion, betrays in undeniable colors the mental irresolution at which we have hinted. The predominating character of this singular and fragmentary movement is a union of languor and aspiration, which interrupt and succeed each other by fits and starts. That Beethoven is again in chains, and has forgotten all the disdain so boldly uttered, and at such unprecedented length, in Op. 106, is manifest.

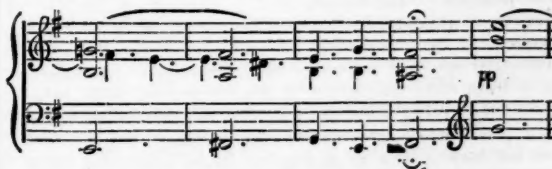
We could wish to quote at least a dozen passages from this section of the sonata in E, but have only space for one, of such exquisite and irresistible beauty as must speak for itself :—



The end carries out the promise of the beginning. Wrapped in an atmosphere of dreams, the Master resigns himself unconsciously to their control; and the movement *evaporates*, rather than finishes,—leaving him once more a willing victim to that passion which but lately he had triumphantly defied. Beethoven slumbers; but how suddenly he awakes from his lethargy, and with what fierce energy attempts to break asunder the bonds that have nearly enthralled him, is revealed in the *prestissimo*, which sets out thus impetuously :—



The vehemently agitated character of the opening and principal theme of this *prestissimo*, however, is frequently contrasted with softer and gentler (though never cheerful) strains; and after a cadence upon a fragment of the subject, in the minor of the dominant, an episode of wonderful repose occurs, which is far too long to cite, but which terminates in a half cadence upon the dominant of the dominant,—or as it will be more clearly understood, the *supertonic* of the key,—thus :—



Mark, reader, how the giant, again unconsciously slumbering, rouses himself by a gigantic effort of volition, and, resuming his first mood, rushes back to the principal theme, the re-appearance of which, in its original key of E minor, directly after the chord of F sharp major, is one of those

daring strokes of genius which startle and astonish, while they impress the hearer with a sense of reverence and admiration for that psychological idiosyncrasy which marks out an individual as something different from, and gifted with another kind of power than the rest of his species. After, the resumption of the theme, the movement is carried on, in relative keys, as in the opening pages, ending, after intervals of hesitation, in the same strain as it began—with passionate impetuosity. See the last nine bars:—



In which stage of mental irritation and uncertainty we take leave of the vexed and fitful Beethoven, until next week, when we hope to bring to a conclusion what we have further to say about his prodigious tone-poem, in E major, Op. 109.

M. BONARD, the "avocat" of the French embassy in London, has been called upon by his dramatic compatriots to give legal advice on the vexata questio of copyright and translation, and has stated his "opinion" in due form.

Methodical to perfection is the "opinion" of the French jurist. Every possible case is contemplated, and every knot that can be untied is untied here. There is, however, one difficulty that even M. Bonard cannot solve, and that is unluckily the only difficulty in which his clients are interested. We always thought the case of the French dramatists hopeless enough, but we did not know it was so utterly desperate, as it appears to be, now we have carefully perused the very able opinion of M. Bouard.

With all due solemnity the learned adviser begins by declaring that the protection, awarded in England to French dramatic works is to be regarded from four points of view. First, we have (or rather he has) to consider the question of property in the original French works. Secondly, we (or rather he) should reflect upon the translation of their works into English. Thirdly, we (or rather he) should direct our mental vision towards the representation of the works in the original French. Fourthly, we (or rather he) should strenuously exert our energies to conceive the case of an English translation of a French piece, played upon a London stage.

The fourth point of view will be sufficient for our purpose, fully commanding as it does, the debatable ground between translators and adapters. As far as the performance of French plays in *French* is concerned, we believe that Mr. Mitchell always paid something to the original dramatists during his admirable management of the St. James's Theatre; and if such was the case, we have no doubt that when he delights us with the "Bouffes Parisiens," he will resume that laudable custom. On that matter there is no dispute.

Let us, therefore, proceed to the fourth point of view, and relate what M. Bouard sees therefrom.

The last two paragraphs of the fourth article of the international treaty, are as follow:

"Il est bien entendu que la protection stipulée par le présent article n'a point pour objet de prohiber les imitations faites de bonne foi, ou les appropriations des ouvrages dramatiques aux scènes respectives de France et d'Angleterre, mais seulement d'empêcher des traductions en contrefaçon."

"La question d'imitation, ou de contrefaçon, sera déterminée dans tous les cas par les tribunaux des pays respectifs d'après la législation en vigueur dans chacun des deux états."

M. Bonard, like everybody else, is puzzled by the words "Imitation de bonne foi." Indeed he evidently regards the expression as a sort of solecism; for he says, with great naïveté, "On ne comprend pas très-bien qu'on puisse de bonne foi imiter l'ouvrage d'un autre." Can "imitation de bonne foi" possibly refer—he asks—to the case of two authors, one English, the other French, having the same original idea at the same time? No, M. Bonard; it cannot. We will take upon ourselves the responsibility of answering that question. The case of two men having the same original idea is not a case of imitation at all. The compilers of the convention evidently intended to allow an "imitation" of some kind; though, unfortunately, the kind is not made sufficiently distinct by the words "De bonne foi."

However, he attaches more importance to the expression "Appropriation des ouvrages dramatiques aux scènes respectives de France et d'Angleterre," which, he says, evidently leaves a wide door open for the reproduction of all the dramatic works composed in France, provided a few insignificant alterations are made by the adapter. He will not exactly commit himself to the assertion that the convention provides for the case of literal translation (*traduction mot-à-mot*) alone; indeed, he believes that a protection of some sort beyond that narrow limit is manifestly contemplated. But at the same time, he thinks that the position of his compatriots would not warrant them in risking a trial by an English court of law. "On sait," he adds, with great practical wisdom, "que si, en Angleterre, la justice est rendue avec impartialité, les frais y sont coûteux et la procédure très-longue."

Even on the supposition that the convention is good for something in the case of "adaptation," M. Bonard warns his countrymen not to expect too much benefit from its operation. Under any circumstances, the copyright in French translations—downright *mot-à-mot* translations—does not extend beyond five years from the date of publishing. The "adapters," therefore, to whatever restrictions they may be subjected by the interpretation of the law, as it now stands, only have to wait for the prescribed five years, and then they will be as free as ever, employing themselves in the meanwhile on the most available five-year old pieces they can find *now*. The conjecture that something of this kind would be the result of a victory on the part of the French dramatists, is most creditable to the sagacity of M. Bonard. The English manager does not require Parisian novelties. If the piece is new to the English public it will answer his purpose equally as well, whether three weeks or ten years have elapsed since its first production in the French metropolis. As for those French pieces that bear a value at Paris from their reference to the particular epoch in which they have been composed, they are totally valueless in the eyes of London managers, at all times.

In conclusion, let us congratulate the French dramatists in

having found so able and conscientious an adviser as M. Bonard—an adviser who, instead of flattering delusive hopes, opens the eyes of the clients to the real truth. Our doctrine has all along been the same as that of M. Bonard, and we trust that the inventive Gauls, now the opinion of their own counsel has convinced them that they have been most grievously “humbugged” by pretended friends, will drop the subject of “imitation” altogether. It is useless to keep bawling out “Stop thief!” when there is neither thief to stop, nor means of stoppage.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE third performance of *La Favorita* on Saturday evening confirmed our opinions of Sig. Giuglini. He has become an established favorite, and time alone—the great touchstone of popularity—is required to give him a permanent place among the greatest tenors. Mdle. Spezia improves on acquaintance. The histrionic talents of this lady—although tinged with exaggeration—are undeniable. She has energy, feeling, passion, and dramatic instinct. Voice alone is wanting.

Mdle. Pocchini is one of the most legitimate successes we have witnessed at the opera for many years. Indeed, through her a chance presents itself of having the ballet restored to its ancient glory. The closing of Her Majesty's Theatre for two years had nearly proved fatal to the reign of Terpsichore. The secession of Carlotta Grisi had another depressing influence, and the fame of the ballet was almost entirely upheld—at least on this side of the Alps—by Mesdemoiselles Cerito and Rosati. But these could not be expected to last for ever, and the lovers of the ballet began to prophesy the downfall of their favourite art. There was, however, fortune in store for them. Mr. Lumley went to Milan to hear Giuglini and saw Pocchini. Not many hours elapsed before the young *danseuse* was engaged for Her Majesty's Theatre. The spirited *impresario* made one of his most brilliant coups. Mdle. Pocchini cannot fail—or we are greatly mistaken—in exercising powerful influence on the fortunes of the theatre. She belongs to the very highest school of her art. She has decided originality, and can only be compared to her most renowned predecessors in the qualities of grace, ease, refinement, and repose—in the last, perhaps, more especially coming nearest to Carlotta Grisi. The press has hardly yet done justice to Mdle. Pocchini; but ere long she will enforce that homage which is due to her great talents—unless, haply, the aristarchi of the ballet have given up their faith in Terpsichore.

The *rentrée* of Mdle. Piccolomini on Tuesday in *La Figlia del Reggimento* attracted an overflowing audience. The first appearance of the charming little *vivandière*, as she hurried down the declivity, was the signal for a hearty cheer from all parts of the house, which increased in intensity as Mdle. Piccolomini ran forward to the footlights. At least two minutes were consumed in the demonstration, and the young lady's gratitude was unmistakably evinced in the warmth and earnestness of her manner. Mdle. Piccolomini looked more piquant and charming than ever. The dress of the *vivandière* suits her to admiration, and then she has laid aside the Jenny Lind wide-awake—not to speak of irreverently—and donned in its place the prettiest little undress or forage cap imaginable—the proper cap, be it observed, of the “Undecimo.” Altogether she looked the picture of grace and prettiness in her semi-male attire. That Mdle. Piccolomini has studied hard since we last saw her there can be little doubt. Her voice has gained in power, she exhibits greater command of the *sostenuto*, and vocalises with greater facility. Her performance of the *vivandière* on Tuesday night was by many degrees superior to that of last season. As a piece of acting, her Maria is incomparable in its way, and, without the questionable halo of the *Traviata*, would have raised her to the highest pinnacle of public favour. We have not room to criticise the performance of Madlle. Piccolomini in detail; but if we were to judge by encores, we should be induced to think that she had made a greater hit in the *Figlia* than even in the *Traviata*. We cannot,

however, pass over the event without instancing the “Convien partir,” when Maria takes leave of the regiment, as one of the most exquisite specimens of pathetic singing we ever heard. Madlle. Piccolomini was recalled after the first act, and four times at the end, on the last occasion all the occupants of pit and stalls rising to salute her.

The new tenor, Signor Stecchi Bottardi, who made his *début* as Tonio, is not a “hit.” It is enough to say that, though not altogether incapable, he is deficient in every quality indispensable to a *primo tenore* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Signor Belletti made his first appearance this season as Sergeant Sulpizio. In whatever character this gentleman appears, he always shows himself an accomplished singer. But Sergeant Sulpizio must act as well as sing; *tant pis pour* Signor Belletti.

La Esmeralda followed—Mdle. Pocchini detained the greater part of the audience to the end. Would it not be wise policy in the forthcoming *Marco Spada*—bearing in mind the combined success of Mesdles. Rosati and Ferraris at the Grand-Opéra in Paris—to bring into co-operation the talent of the two Carolinas—Rosati and Pocchini?

To the ordinary attraction of *La Traviata*, produced for the first time this season on Thursday, was added the appearance of Signor Giuglini in a new part, which stimulated curiosity in no inconsiderable degree, many asserting that the new tenor's proper line was the legitimate Italian Opera, not the French, to which the *Traviata* belongs. Certainly, in most respects, Alfredo is better suited to Signor Giuglini's means than Fernando, since there is greater scope for tender singing, although, it is true, “*Ange d'amour*,” for pathos and expression, surpasses anything in *La Traviata*. Signor Giuglini did not begin satisfactorily. He gave the first verse of “*Libiamo*” too slowly and without the proper spirit. Better taught, no doubt, by Mdle. Piccolomini, who sang the second verse, and who never errs in dramatic propriety, he came out after the encore more forcibly and redeemed himself. In another part of the opera Signor Giuglini did not thoroughly satisfy us; we allude to the scene where Violetta leaves him never to return, and sends a letter informing him of the fact. Here the new tenor did not betray sufficient emotion, nor make the obvious point suggested by the subsequent meeting with his father. All the rest must be praised. Signor Giuglini sang exquisitely, and displayed greater energy and passion in his acting than we had occasion to observe in *La Favorita*. The *andante* of the second act created a furor, and was enthusiastically encored. No singing could possibly be more finished and chaste, while the sympathetic quality of voice threw an irresistible charm over the whole. Signor Giuglini has elevated himself by this effort a step higher in public favour.

Is there anything new to be said of Mdle. Piccolomini's Violetta? Nothing; unless that the voice of the fascinating little lady has strengthened, and her singing gained in quality and general management—the result, no doubt, of experience and study. What we have hitherto pronounced perfect—always bating certain vocal inequalities—remains the same. The vivacity, *esprit*, grace, ease of deportment, expression, pathos, passion, vigour, and, more than all, the surrender of all the feelings to the exigencies of the moment, are, as before, under the influence of wondrous instinct, if not of consummate judgment. The last scene of the *Traviata*, as acted by Mdle. Piccolomini, is one of the most intensely *real* ever witnessed on the stage. Of course the success on Tuesday night was immense, and the recalls for the “pet” of the opera and Signor Giuglini frequent. Of the showers of bouquets we shall say nothing, having no great faith in horticultural displays at the opera.

Signor Beneventano exhibited all the exaggeration and lachrymosity of last season in the elder Germont. Surely if he have the least feeling for art, he cannot fail to learn something of ease and simplicity from Mdle. Piccolomini.

Mdle. Baillon deserves a word of praise for her extremely natural performance of Annetta.

To show how far Mdle. Pocchini has advanced in public favour, it is enough to state that scarcely a box was emptied, or

a seat deserted, after the opera on the present occasion. All remained—apparently as eager to applaud the accomplished Carolina in *Esmeralda* as they had been to applaud the accomplished Marietta in the *Traviata*.

Although a non-subscription night, the house was filled with rank and fashion.

Mdlle. Ortolani, Mr. Lumley's new *prima donna*, is announced to make her *début* on Tuesday, in the *Puritani*, with Signor Giuglini.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Maria di Rohan was produced on Saturday for the sole purpose, no doubt, of giving Signor Ronconi an opportunity of appearing in perhaps his greatest part. Could Donizetti have imagined he was writing for a Ronconi, he must have felt real inspiration, and would have taken more pains with his opera. *Maria di Rohan*, unfortunately, is one of the composer's weakest works, and, consequently, the public are afforded but few opportunities of witnessing one of the grandest tragic performances of modern times. To the psychological observer Ronconi presents a world in his acting, from the most refined delicacy, through all the gradations of feeling, to the most overwhelming passion. In the end his despair is contagious, and the agony of the artist is communicated to the spectator. Ronconi has been more than once called the Edmund Kean of the lyric stage; and certainly in no character has he more fairly entitled himself to the comparison than in that of the Duke of Chavreuse.

Madlle. Rosa Devries is not exactly the *beau idéal* of a Maria, nor is she a transcendent tragic actress. She is, however, a good singer, a conscientious artiste, and, on that account alone, entitled to consideration.

Signor Neri-Baraldi, who appeared as Chalais, has a very pleasing tenor voice, and knows how to use it, and is altogether one of the best representatives of the part we have seen.

Madame Nantier Didiée represented Armando di Gondi, and a more admirable representative could hardly be desired. Her acting was replete with intelligence; every movement identified the careful and observant artist, while her singing was even better than her acting. The cavatina in the second act, "Son leggero nell' amore," was loudly encored, and the impression created by the opening air, "Per non istare," was hardly less genuine.

Maria di Rohan was repeated on Tuesday.

One of the great events of the season, ever since the institution of the Royal Italian Opera, has been the *rentrée* of Mario, which is looked forward to with delight not unmingled with anxiety, lest any thing should interfere with those delicious tones, the loss of which might never be replaced. The burning of Covent Garden, among its thousand disasters, had one good result; it tended to the preservation of Mario's voice by preventing him from singing in French operas. That Mario's voice has been stronger and fresher these last two seasons than for several seasons previously, nobody will deny; and the natural inference is, that the operas of the "Grand" School were beginning to impair its quality. The admirers of the great tenor, who happened to hear him on Thursday evening, when he made his first appearance in *Il Trovatore*, had nothing to regret. The first scene was sufficient to prove that Mario was still himself, and incomparable. The music of Manrico in some respects is not suited for a voice like Mario's. This is hardly to be wondered at, when it is remembered who is the composer. Verdi, however, in the *Trovatore*, has not allotted to the hero such exclusively obstreperous strains as is generally his wont. The air, "Ah! ben mio," for instance, is as placid and expressive as could be desired; and in the duets with Azucena, Manrico has much to sing as tender and tranquil as though it had been composed for Rubini. Above all, the *romanza*, "Ah! che la morte," which succeeds the "Miserere" in the last act, as far as vocal adaptability is concerned, might have been written by Rossini. In all of these Mario was superlative. The encore in the "Ah! ben mio" was not accepted; but that awarded to the "Miserere" was too irresistible to be denied.

We have spoken more than once of Grisi's Leonora, when

she played the part at Drury Lane. This wonderful artist seems every year to be endowed with new vigour, new strength, new vitality. What if she be necessitated to revert to certain modifications of the music, is that a reason why she cannot sing Verdi, who doubtless wrote the part as high as possible for a high *soprano*, which Grisi's voice never was? The changes made inevitable do not affect the music in the slightest degree, and though many artists may be enabled to sing it with greater integrity as to the score, none we ever heard could render it with equal intensity, passion, and power. The last scene is inimitable in whatever point we view it, made doubly so by the transcendent acting and singing of Mario. The death of Leonora, in the arms of Manrico, was a masterpiece of pathos on both hands.

The other parts were filled as before—Sig. Graziani being the Count; Mad. Nantier Didiée, Azucena; and Sig. Tagliafico, Ferrando. Signor Graziani, as usual, was encored in the eternal "Il balen suo sorriso." Mad. Didiée was excellent as ever in the gipsy-mother, and Sig. Tagliafico made as much as could possibly be made out of his small part.

Il Trovatore will be repeated to-night.

DUBLIN.—Miss Catherine Hayes has been singing with great success as Leonora in the *Trovatore*. Signor Volpini was Manrico, Signor Badiali the Conte di Luna, and Mdlle. Corelli, Azucena. All are praised by the Dublin papers. Of that young and promising artist, Signor Pierini, one of the principal journals says—"Signor Pierini supported the part of Fernando with intelligence and ability. He is a very correct and beautiful singer, and his voice told effectively in all the concerted music."

ORGAN-BLOWING BY WATER POWER.—An apparatus in connection with the performance of large organs, has been affixed to the organ in East-parade chapel, Leeds. The invention, patented in England and France, is called the "Hydro-pneumatic Engine," and can be affixed to any organ. Its object is to supersede manual labour, and the more expensive steam-power in blowing large organs in churches, chapels, and public edifices. The apparatus in East-parade chapel is affixed to an ordinary one-inch pipe, conveying the town's water, brought into the vestry beneath the chapel. The whole does not occupy a space exceeding four feet, and it is found fully equal to blowing the bellows of the organ above, which is an instrument of forty-four stops, including pedal pipes of twenty-four feet to GGG. Upon turning the tap of the water-pipe, the apparatus is at once set in motion, and air forced into the bellows until they are filled. The engine then stops until the air is so far exhausted by the performer, that the bellows have fallen an inch, when it re-commences pumping air into them until they are filled; and this goes on with more or less rapidity according to the exhaustion of air by the player. Near the hand of the organist is placed a stop, by applying or removing which, by a touch of the finger, the apparatus is set in motion or stopped at once. The apparatus has been fixed for less than £40, and the consumption of water is not more than 2½d. per day, or less than 11s. per annum for the Sunday services. Probably, taking all the services in the year, the cost of water will not exceed 25s. The apparatus is capable of being applied to the largest organs. Three such cylinders as are used in Mr. Holt's workshop, would blow the Liverpool organ, which at present costs £200 per annum; whereas, by the hydro-pneumatic engine, the cost would not exceed £20 a year. For the proposed organ at the Leeds Town-hall, with the pressure in the pipes of our water-works (which is less than at Liverpool) four cylinders would be required; and as the water may be used after it has passed through the apparatus, the cost would of course be inconsiderable.—*Leeds Mercury*.

UTRAM HÆCUM MAVIS ACCIPERE.—A handsome reward is hereby offered for an explanation of the principles on which the Directors of Exeter Hall regulate their censorship. They refused, the other day, to allow "*Sally in our Alley*" to be sung in their semi-consecrated edifice, but on Easter Monday they permitted "all the choicest music" from *La Traviata* to be sung there. Now, in "*Sally*" the poet celebrates an honest girl whom an honest lad desires to make his wife. In *La Traviata* is described the love, disease, and death of an "unfortunate"—the very name "a Traviata" being now commonly used to indicate one of those unhappy victims of society. The saintly Directors of Exeter Hall consider the *Harlot's Progress* more fit to be presented to the general public than *Marriage à la mode—de l'Eglise*. Why? Next, we want to know why, on Easter Monday they permitted the *Traviata* words to be sung, but refused to allow them to be printed in

the programme? Do they think that the Eye is more susceptible to unvirtuous impressions than the Ear? Or did they suppose that the public might, if unaided by a libretto, take the music for that of an oratorio? On what principle do they sanction the utterance, by singers, of sentiments which they try to hinder listeners from comprehending? Is it moral for a vocalist to sing words which it is immoral for an audience to hear? We hope for a full explanation, but, *en attendant*, we are in great fear that the whole business is a sad compromise between Evangelical and Mammonical principles. The Directors believed that there was something wrong in the affair; but then, they receive a high rent for the use of their hall. As good men, how they ought to rejoice that the erection of a New Music Hall for London is likely to remove temptation out of their way.—*Punch*.

THE MORAL THEORY OF MUSIC.

BY JOSEPH GODDARD.

(Continued from page 248.)

I now arrive at a very important and interesting question regarding that Art, the elucidation of which is the principal object of these inquiries. What does Music impart? What is the meaning of that high rapture of a mingled intellectual, emotional, and joyful character with which we are always inspired when we hear Music of a worthy nature?

It has been observed that, in all its previously considered exemplifications, the principle of Tone and Phrase relieves the expression, and assists the imparting of emotions, by rendering the imagination of the listener susceptible to the realization of such circumstances and truths as inspired these emotions in the speaker, and by thus extending the appreciation and enlarging the sympathy of the listener to the influence of this scenery in his imagination. Now it will be perceived that the listener, in thus becoming emotionally affected, receives his impressions through a similar process to that which occurred in the breast of the speaker, that is, by the contemplation of the original circumstances and truths in imagination.

It will be perceived, then, that in thus imparting emotions, the original circumstances and truths, the original influences of emotion must be reproduced before the listener either by description or representation; and that in this emotional conveyance the function fulfilled by the principle of Tone and Phrase is, to render the listener's imagination susceptible to the reception of the above description or representation. In this case the office of the principle in question is to *aid* the repetition of the above mentioned process that occurred in the speaker. But in music the exemplifications of the principle of Tone and Phrase are attended by no representation, by no description. In becoming emotionally impressed by music we are not assisted by the action of our appreciation or sympathy upon any embodied influences. We receive the impressions *direct* from the composer, through the influence of the principle of Tone and Phrase *alone*, with function undivided, which principle in these circumstances thus at once leaps to its zenith of development, to its fullest and most perfect exemplifications, and to its greatest effects. But from the previous considerations into the nature of the different exemplifications of the principle in question we inferred that the impressions derived from the contemplation of the more lofty and comprehensive circumstances and truths found expression and interpretation in the more advanced exemplifications of the principle of Tone and Phrase, which phenomenon seems to imply that in the present case the exemplifications of this principle being of the highest order they must therefore constitute the expression of the highest and most comprehensive character of emotion.

Now this assumption is not only thus shewn to be consistent, from the fact of the principle of Tone and Phrase being in its exemplification in Music, in the most advanced development, but may also be further supported by the other peculiarity of the principle in question as exemplified in Music, namely, of its constituting the sole function of imbuing emotion—of its possessing, in this stage of its progress, the remarkable property of conveying emotion *direct* to the breast of the listener.

For it will be remembered by those who read my essay upon the Relationship of Music to the other fine Arts, that it was there shewn how Music, in imparting emotions—through being independent of the conjunctive conveyance of the influences of these emotions as they appeared in nature, but being on the

other hand of a nature so subtle and ethereal as to conduct such emotions *direct* to the breasts of others:—thereby possessed the original property of conveying impressions aroused by influences of a different character, simultaneously, which could not be accomplished by any medium of expression that involved in conveying emotions the necessity of the conjunctive conveyance of the original influences of these emotions, because such natural influences being, in these circumstances, of a *different* character—their *simultaneous* description or representation would be totally inconsistent with physical law and natural propriety.

Now as we thus then behold in music a medium appropriate for the simultaneous expression of emotions of a different character, that is, of emotions that were derived from influences of a varied nature, which emotions, though aroused *successively*, as the above influences in nature that created them, became opposite to the contemplation of their possessor, nevertheless are imparted *simultaneously*, and not only imparted simultaneously, but in a higher temper and more perfect condition through this simultaneous conveyance; that is, corrected and extended by the judgment, deepened and vivified by contrast: we are again supported in the assumption that in music there exists a medium of expression appropriate for conveying impressions of a wider and more original character, derived from more varied influences, from loftier circumstances and more comprehensive truths, than in any other art.

The above consideration regarding the meaning of the effect of music upon the listener, throws light still farther into the region that is being explored.

For it is this wideness and vagueness of the impressions that the composer relieves himself of by the medium of music, which explains that remarkable and hitherto unilluminated peculiarity in the effect of this influence—namely, the same piece producing different impressions on each listener.

(To be continued.)

ROSSINI NOT FOND OF MUSIC.*

Two days ago, Rossini, leaning on a friend's arm, was walking along the Boulevards. He was followed by a *fontainier*, who persecuted him with the shrill sound of his bell. Turning round, Rossini put five francs into the man's hand, and said:—

"My friend, I am a poor wretch who has a horror of music, and for the last hour you have been playing your music behind me. Let me beg of you to go and drink my health."

It is now five-and-twenty years since Rossini addressed to the entire world the same observation he made to the *fontainier*, and the world took it seriously.

You meet with people who seriously believe that Rossini is not fond of music; that the sublime genius of which our age is so proud does not like music; that the Olympian head, from which so many admirable scores have issued, armed from top to toe, has closed for ever, from a horror of music.

Rossini does not like our music, and does not consider us worthy of his. He leaves us to our manufacturers of romances, to our manufacturers of operas, and to our *fontainiers*; he does not like our music.

A few days ago, I had the honour to be in his drawing-room, where he showed me a magnificent portrait of Mozart. Rossini, who does not like Germany, and has a horror of railroads, made a journey by rail in Germany to see the birthplace of Mozart. The above portrait, a very rare engraving, and the only good likeness of Mozart in existence, was presented to Rossini by Mozart's son.

By the way, everyone will soon be enabled to see it, for it has been photographed by Nadar.

On showing me the portrait, Rossini said—

"I do not like the chin; it is heavy, it is German; but how fine the forehead is; and what genius in the eyes! How well you distinguish the author of *Don Juan*," etc.

I should be afraid of weakening the master's words by repeating them without his expression, his gesture, and his air of enthusiastic conviction.

Such is the man who is accused of not being fond of music!

* From the *Estafette*.

You should have seen the grand mirror of Rossini's intelligence when the glance of Mozart, of a genius worthy of himself, was reflected in it! You would then have felt that Rossini is as much enamoured of the art as he always was: that the art is still his first love.

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